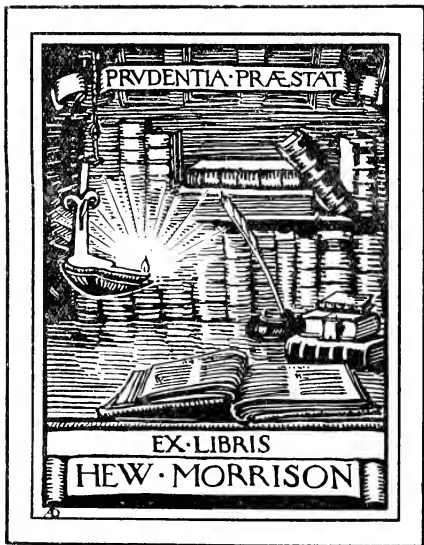


H.M. 183.











# THE WARBLER :

CONTAINING

## AN ELEGY

ON THE LATE

MOST NOBLE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANÉ :

ALSO

## A GAELIC SONG

TO HIS LORDSHIP'S VOLUNTEERS,

*At Her Majesty's Review of Scottish Volunteers in  
Edinburgh, August 1860.*

BY

JOHN M'DOUGALL,

FROM ARDGOUR, NOW IN BARR, MORVEN,

Author of "The Crimean War," "Lord Clyde's Welcome and Military  
Career," &c., on his return from the East Indies in 1860.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

BY D. R. COLLIE & SON, 19 ST DAVID STREET.

1863.

*Price Sixpence ; Ladies and Gentlemen, optional.*





# THE WARBLER :

CONTAINING

## AN ELEGY

ON THE LATE

MOST NOBLE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE;

ALSO

## A GAELIC SONG

TO HIS LORDSHIP'S VOLUNTEERS,

*At Her Majesty's Review of Scottish Volunteers in  
Edinburgh, August 1860.*

BY

JOHN M'DOUGALL,

FROM ARDGOUR, NOW IN BARR, MORVEN,

Author of "The Crimean War," "Lord Clyde's Welcome and Military  
Career." &c., on his return from the East Indies in 1860.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

BY D. R. COLLIE & SON, 19 ST DAVID STREET.

1863.

---

*Price Sixpence ; Ladies and Gentlemen, optional.*



LAURISTON CASTLE  
LIBRARY ACCESSION

## P R E F A C E.

THE Author, (who is a Highland Bard,) having considered that the late Most Noble MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE, on whom so many honourable titles had so deservingly been conferred, ought to be borne fresh in the minds of all who would properly appreciate the worth of a true-minded Nobleman, has composed and published the following Elegy, which he hopes the public will not undervalue.

J. M'D.



# AN ELEGY

ON THE LATE

MOST NOBLE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE,

*Who departed this life at Lausanne in Switzerland,  
in November 1862.*

---

AIR.—“Gow’s Lament for Abercainey.”

---

Now gloomy winter has began,  
With news of grief and pain,  
Which ought to teach us how to live,  
And wisdom still retain;  
It shows how little death does care  
For honours great, or health,  
Our thread of life it cuts away,  
Without regard to wealth.

The Marquis of Breadalbane gain’d  
Much fame and great renown,  
More than his fathers under kings  
Had won from Britain’s crown:  
That he deserv’d laud and praise,  
Our nation has confess’d,  
But yet withal, that noble Lord,  
Has now been called to rest.

That nobleman, sometime ago,  
 Had felt his health's decay,  
 And then he went with friends' consent,  
 And left his place on Tay,  
 With all the honours due to Lords,—  
 Which might and fortune gain,—  
 To Switzerland for some relief,  
 But it was all in vain.

Tho' all physicians the best  
 That now in Lausanne live,  
 Were in attendance nights and days,  
 Endeavouring to give  
 Relief and comfort to his health,  
 Their efforts were in vain,  
 And prov'd at last of no effect,  
 Till death relieved his pain.

His relatives he did support,  
 As oft as they had need,  
 The news of his decease of late,  
 Has left us sad indeed,  
 A cloud has overspread our land,  
 Which bars our sunbeams' rays,  
 His countrymen to him were dear,  
 He lov'd to hear their praise.

In all affairs of Church and State,  
 He took an active part,  
 All wrongful grants he did oppose,  
 And lawful claims regard,  
 Such as his fathers did of old,  
 Our kingdom's nobles' choice,  
 As members of our parliament,  
 By arguments and voice.

When first our Queen and loyal friends  
 To Scotland came to stay,  
 He nobly entertained and kept  
 The royal guests most gay ;  
 In Taymouth Castle he had spent  
 Much wealth, by all he paid ;  
 That year the rents of his estates  
 He welcomely outlaid.

His royal titles were not few,  
 But many to relate,  
 And scarcely more could be bestowed  
 By government or state.  
 His Lordship, who is now no more,  
 Was born in Dundee,  
 The second Marquis of Breadalbane,  
 And Earl Ormelie.

Was Baron of Breadalbane ; yea,  
 Of Taymouth Castle's bounds ;  
 He was fifth Earl of Breadalbane,  
 And of Holland's grounds ;  
 And Viscount Campbell of the Tay,  
 And Pentland's vales and groves ;  
 And of Glenorchy's hills and dales,  
 And Taymouth round Kenmore ;

Was also Baron Benderloch,  
 And Ormelie complete ;  
 A Baronet of Nova Scotia's  
 Lands, and shores, and fleet ;  
 A knight of the Black Eagle,  
 Of Prussia's large domain ;  
 The greatest in our kingdom,  
 Did by his wisdom gain.

He held the Lord Lieutenancy  
 Of county of Argyle,  
 The Scottish Antiquarians,  
 Of royalty and style,  
 He nobly back'd and countenanc'd,  
 Did over them preside ;  
 Of Glasgow University,  
 Was Rector for sometime.

The Household's great Lord Chamberlain  
 He was for many years ;  
 The rank of Privy Councillor  
 He held with worthy Peers ;  
 The order of the Thistle then  
 The Queen on him conferr'd,  
 And while he lived, her grants to him  
 Could never be transferr'd.

He raised some corps of Volunteers  
 Which he did freely pay,  
 And left a thousand pounds with these  
 To cheer them in their day ;  
 His mind was bent on strong defence,  
 With influential sway,  
 Which proves a terror to our foes,  
 And holds them in dismay.

He was a lover of the deer,  
 And rear'd them on his lands,  
 Where thousand scores of them are grown,  
 In hills, and groves, and lawns.  
 And in the glens where often he  
 With royal neighbours stalk'd,  
 And where Prince Albert and his hosts  
 Had sport and often walk'd.



His office-bearers great and small,  
 Had always been content,  
 And his departure from this vale  
 They wailfully lament.  
 He left the poor three thousand pounds,  
 A powerful increase,  
 And Scotland's braves will sing his praise,  
 Till night and day shall cease.

When faithful Colonel Edington,  
 His Secretary true,  
 Receiv'd the letter which contain'd  
 The sore and painful news,  
 That hopes were faint about his health,  
 He left when train was due,  
 And saw the Marquis just in time,  
 To bid him kind adieu.

There were assembled round his bed  
 Most reverend divines,  
 With Gospel offers from the Lord  
 To Adam's fallen line ;  
 In which his Lordship acquiesc'd,  
 With faith and grateful mind,  
 And bow'd his head, and fell asleep  
 In peace with all mankind.

To Taymouth Castle was convey'd  
 His frame, which once was strong,  
 Which was more precious than gold  
 To those he did belong.  
 A scene of sorrow then ensu'd,  
 While courts and rooms were throng  
 By relatives with weeping eyes,  
 And sighs which lasted long.

His noble friends and tenantry,  
 With hosts of Volunteers,  
 Had met by invitation kind,  
 With sobs, and sighs, and tears,  
 For to inter the dear remains  
 Of their beloved knight,  
 The guide who often pled their cause  
 With earnestness and might.

The most respected clergymen  
 Of great Breadalbane's Free,  
 Did congregate on that affair,  
 With fervency and zeal ;  
 And after benediction, all  
 Were entertain'd that day,  
 And by permission left the grand  
 And ancient Tow'r on Tay.

The funeral procession then  
 With grandeur wound its way  
 Along the fertile noble banks  
 That bind and mark Loch Tay.  
 Two mutes on horseback led the van,  
 And pipers then did play,  
 Till they arriv'd at Finlarig,  
 Killin, where it should lay.

The Marquis' family burial vault  
 Had neither faults nor stains ;  
 Therein they carefully laid low  
 That nobleman's remains,  
 In hopes, when generations pass,  
 From thence when he shall raise,  
 That he'll be found among the blest,  
 To sing the Saviour's praise.

# DO FHEACHD\* SAOR-THOILEACH MHOR- FHEAR BHRADÉALBANN,

*Aig Comh-chruinneachadh coitichionn Fheachdan Saor-thoileach  
na h-Alba, ann an Duneideann, 'sa bhliadhna 1860.*

---

AIR FONN.—“Carraig-Fhearghais.”

---

Tha bhliadhna so ainmeil  
An Albainn 's an Sasunn,  
Le lionmhoireachd ghaisgeach,  
'S le taitneachd nan sonn  
Le'n thogadh an armachd,  
Nach cearbach gu spealtadh—  
Fìr ùr nach do chleachd  
A bhi gealtach air fonn:  
Laoich Shaor-thoileach, dhuineil  
'Chuir aoibhneas air Lunnainn,  
Le àilleachd an cuma  
O 'mullach gu'm bonn,  
'S air faiche Dhuneideann  
Gum b'eibhinn ri'm faicinn  
Na treun-fhìr 'bu dreachmhoire,  
Neartmhoire comb.

B'e aobhar na cùise  
Mu'n thionndadh a mach leibh,  
A dùthaich na machrach,  
'So thaice nam beann,

\* Volunteers.

'Bhi cluinntinn luchd-mùisig  
 'Toirt cunntais nach taitneach—  
 Mu ùrachadh bhaiteal,  
 Le gaisgich na Fraing;  
 'S gur 'fiosrach sinn uile  
 Gun doirteadh iad fuil oirn,  
 Nan saoiladh a bhuidheann ud  
 Buidhinn 'sa chàmp;  
 Tha 'n t-Impire fulangach,  
 Mìrunach, fuileachdach,  
 'S fearr dhuinn 'bhi ullamh  
 Mu'n imich e' nall.

Gach Diuchd a's fear-fearainn  
 Bha dùrachd n'an earail,  
 Ri fìrnanan dealasach,  
 Ceanalta suaire  
 Gu'n èireadh iad uile  
 'Chomh-cheumachd le druma,  
 'Sa dlì'fhoghlum mar 'chumadh  
 Iad cuideachda sluaigh,  
 Mar 'bhuaileadh iad buillean,  
 'S mar chuimsichte duine,  
 'N am tarruing a ghunna,  
 'S ga cumail a suas,  
 'S ged 'thigeadh thair' sàile  
 Gach namhaid 'sa chruinne,  
 Gun coisneadh sibh urram,  
 'S gun d'thugt' orra buaidh.

Bha Bhan-Rìgh'n glè dheonach  
 Gum faiceadh i còmhla—  
 Cinn-Fheadhna nan còmhlan,  
 A's dòmhlachd an t'sluaigh,

'S chaidh litrichean trà,  
 Gu Cinn-Fhineachan Ghaidheal,  
 Le òrdugh Dhiuchd "Chambridge"  
 Do chearnaibh mu thuath :  
 Iad uile gu leir  
 A bhi 'm Baile Dhuneideann,  
 Le'n Ceathairnean ceutach,  
 Cho treubhach 's bu dual,  
 'S air maduinn Dimàirt,  
 Mar a shònruich a Bhan-Righ'n,  
 Bha is' ann a's iadsan,  
 'Nuair 'thainig an uair.

Feached Mhor-fhear Bhradealbann  
 Gun aithnicht' iad air astar  
 Fir ghiulan nam breacan,  
 'S nan glas-lannan cruaidh,  
 Bu chliu iad do dh-Albainn,  
 Le dealbhachd am pearsaibh,  
 Lan faoghluim, as ceartais,  
 A's beartais a's stuaim :  
 Na fiurannan glana,  
 D'an dùchas na gleannaibh,  
 'Sa chumadh a challuinn  
 Le caithream gun ghruaim,  
 'S nach diultadh a charraid,  
 'Thoirt cuis dheth na Gallaibh,  
 Gan gearradh mar raineach,  
 'Sa leanadh an ruaig.

Bu taitneach an sealladh  
 Fir ghasht' Aber-pheallaidh,  
 Le'n ceannardan fearail  
 A tarruing a suas,

Lan gaisge gun tioma,  
 'S nach tionndadh le gioraig,  
 Gu fòghluimte sgileil,  
 'S cha tilleadh iad nair,  
 Na seoid 's am bheil spiorad  
 'S iad cinneadail, càirdeil,  
 'S fu' èideadh a Ghaidheil,  
 Gum b'àluinn an tuar,  
 Gu cothromach, cumachdail,  
 Urranda, dìleas,  
 'S gur tearc iad 's an Rìoghachd  
 Cho fìor-mhaiseach snuadh.

Bha daoine ann o'n Cheannamhoir,  
 'S gum b'earbsach sinn asda,  
 Nan iarrt' iad am baiteal  
 'Thoirt aichmheil de' shluagh,  
 No 'bhuidhinn geall-rèise,  
 'Sa leum air an fhaiche,  
 Le'm fèilltean de'n bhreacan,  
 Am pleatadh an cuaich :  
 Làn spèirid a's gaisge,  
 Gu geur-bhuilleach, sgairteil,  
 Gum b'èibhinn ri 'm faicinn  
 Am prasgan gun ghruaim ;  
 'S le dealbhachd an cuma,  
 Thug moran doibh urram,  
 'S gum b'airidh gach curaidh,  
 Air tuilleadh 's a fhuair.

Bha giùmanaich ghleusta,  
 Chillinn a's Loch-Eire ann  
 Na gaisgich nach gèilleadh,  
 'S bhiodh treun a chuir ruaig,

Fu'n èideadh, 's fu'n armachd,  
 Gu calmarra, ceutach,  
 'S nan iarhte gu feum iad,  
 Bhiodh euchd leo a's buaidh,  
 'S bu mhaith ann 'sa mhunadh,  
 'Thoirt fuil air na fèidh iad,  
 Le'n gunnachan gleusta,  
 Brisg, eutrom air chuairt,  
 Na laoich a tha sgairteil,  
 Bu ghasd ann 'san streup iad  
 Gu fulangach, treun-bhuilleach,  
 Geur-bheachdail, cruaidh.

Gum b-àluinn an sealladh,  
 Bh' air blàr Tigh-an-Droma,  
 Na fiurain tha foghainteach,  
 Somalta, suaire',  
 Gu cumachdail, eireachdail,  
 Freagarach, riòmhach,  
 'S a chleachd a bhi dileas,  
 D'an Rioghachd 's gach uair ;  
 'S bha laoich ann a Srathaibh,  
 'Thug barrachd air mìltean,  
 'N am tarruing lann dhì-millteach,  
 Lìobht' a's an truaill,  
 'S le 'n gunnachan sàr-inhaith,  
 Bhiodh làn-daimh nan sìneadh,  
 An àirde na frìthe ;  
 'San dìomhaireachd bhruach.

O Urchaidh nam bradan,  
 Bu shunndach an sealladh,  
 'Bhi faicinn nan gallan,  
 A tarruing a suas ;

Le'n ceannardan fearail,  
 Gu ceannsalach, smearail,  
 'Toirt òrdugh gun mhearachd,  
 Le earailean suaire',  
 Le'm pìobaire cliuteach,  
 Gu grinn a toirt ciuil doibh ;  
 Puirt-mhearsaidh 'bu shiubhlaiche,  
 Lùthmhoire fuaim,  
 O chruit nam bann-ìbhri,  
 'Si' srannraich le sìoda,  
 'Toirt misnich' bhi dileas,  
 'S nach strìochdadh iad uair.

Gum b'àillidh ra'm faicinn  
 Na h-àrmuinn a Eistéal—  
 Na fleasgaich d'an teistéal  
 'Bhi seirceil, gun ghruaim,  
 'S gur 'deacair an leithdean  
 Ra'm faotainn am Breatann,  
 Le gaisge gun gheilte,  
 Lan faicill a's stuaim ;  
 'S bha Bhan-Rìgh'n a faraid,  
 Deth Dhiuchdaibh a Fearainn  
 Cia'n duthaich, no'm baile,  
 No'n talla on ghluais,  
 Na h-oigceirean foinneamh  
 Bha sònruichte loinneil,  
 Gun fhàilinn, gun choire,  
 Gun ghainne, gun chruas.

Bha lasgairean ceutach,  
 Ghleann-Eite 's Loch-Taildhe ann,  
 Gu furanach, sgeinmeil,  
 Deas, meamnach, gun uail,



'S iad luthmhor, neo-chearbach,  
 A shiubhal nan garbh-chrìoch,  
 Gu cumachdail, dealbhach,  
 Clis, anmadail, luath—  
 Na cùirteirean ainmeil—  
 Feadh munaidh, 's aig fairge,  
 A ghhlacadh nan geala-bhreacht,  
 'Sa shealg nan damh-ruadh,  
 'S nan cuirte n'an tairgse—  
 Geall-streupa no barra-ghleois,  
 Gur 'tearc ann an Albainn  
 Cho calma, 's cho cruaidh.

Bu chliu do'n Roinn-Eorpa  
 'Nuair 'chruinnich iad còmhla  
 Suinn uasal an Obain  
 Fir òirdheire nam buadh,  
 Làn suairceis, a's fòghluim,  
 'S iad barraicht' air bòichead,  
 'Nuair chaidh iad an òrdugh,  
 Fu'n Còirneal dhol 'suas;  
 An Leathaineach cliuteach,  
 De'n phreas nach dean lùbadh,  
 O Airdghobhar 's b'e 'dhùchas  
 'Bhi stiuradh an t-sluagh,  
 An Latharna bhoidheach,  
 Nam buailtean, 's an neoinein,  
 Nam fleasgach, 's nan òighean,  
 'S neul ròs air an gruaidh.

Bha 'm Moraire féin ann  
 Le'n èireadh na gaisgich,  
 Sàr-cheannard an Fheachda  
 'Bu taitniche snuadh;

'S bha uaislean Dhunèideann  
 A gèilleadh da 'reachdan,  
 'Nuair 'thogadh a bhratach  
 Air faiche 'measg sluaigh ;  
 Fichead mìle chaidh àireamh,  
 'Am Pàirce-na-Ban-Rìgh'n,  
 De' dh-Albannaich stàtail  
 'Nuair 'thàirneadh iad 'suas,  
 'Chuir geilt air gach namhaid,  
 'S le Breatann buaidh-làrach,  
 'S tha cliu aig na Gaidheil,  
 Thair' chàich' mar 'bu dual.

Gun crìochnaich mì in'òran,  
 Le durachd 'san dòchas  
 Nach fàilnich 'ur stòras,  
 'S 'ur còir a bhi buan  
 Air Albainn nam mor-bheann,—  
 Bu mheasail 'ur seors' ann,  
 'Rinn strì le Rìgh Deors',  
 Air Tir-mòr, a's air chuan,  
 'S gun bhuannaichd sibh còmhla  
 Air Frangaich, 's air Ròimhich,  
 'S gach namhaid a thòisich,  
 Gun d'fhògradh iad uainn,  
 'S ged dh'fhuiling sibh mòran,  
 'S leibh urram na h-Eorpa,  
 'Thaobh gaisg' agus fòghluim,  
 A's eolais, a's stuaim.

DO CHOMH-CHRUINNEACHADH IASG-  
AIREAN STEORNABHA, ANN SA  
BHLIADHNA 1863.

AIR-FONN.—“ Air faill ill eil ho ro ho-gu,  
Hi iurabh o nam b'aill leibh e,  
Air faill ill eil ho ro ho-gu.”

Fearaibh Steornabha na laoich,  
Is aoigheile th' air Ghaidhealtachd.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'N am dhuibh tional chum an iasgaich,  
'S ciatach sibh le'r bàrcannan.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Tha gach iurach làidir grinn,  
'S gum buidhnear gill air sàile leo.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'S ro mhaith cungaidhean gach tè dhiubh,  
'S iad nach gèill, 's nach fàillinnich.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Darach, agus giubhas Lochlann,  
'S copar teann g'an tàirneachadh.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Bith'dh gach crann, 's gach ball air dòigh,  
Gu daingean, òrdail, tabhachdach.  
Air fàill ill eil', &c.

'Nuair a thogar leibh an siuil,  
'S iad miann gach sùl le 'n àilleachd iad.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Ruigear leibh an t-ionad iasgaich,  
'S bith'dh sibh lionmhor, làidir ann.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Gillean sgairteil, tachdrach, iasgar,  
Lionach, bollach, arcannach.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Cuirear lìn leibh air uchd cuain,  
Cho luath-lamhach 's a thàras sibh.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'N am an togail dhuibh a rìs,  
Gum liònar leibh na bàtaichean.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Le sgadan fìor-ghlan, torrach lìontaiddh,  
'S bòiche fiamh, a's dearsadh dheth.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'S liònmhor ceannaich' air a thòir,  
A's òr aca ga phàigheadh dhuibh.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'S iomadh calla deas, a's tuath,  
On 'ghluais sibh tùs an Ràidhe so.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir na Hearnradh as Loch-Sealg  
Gur h-anabarach na h-armuinn iad.  
Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-Sluisart, 's Bad-a-Ghail,  
 Gur' cridheil, caoimhneil, càirdeil iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir nan Gleann-dùbh, 's Loch-an-Ionmhair,  
 'S dìongmhalta na Gàidheil iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-bhraoin, Loch-iu, a's Ghearr-Loch,  
 'S mùirneach, ceutach, stàtail iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Thig a Sìlteig, 's o Loch-Carann,  
 Daoine smearail, sàr-mhaiseach.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-Long, 's dà thaobh Loch-Duaich,  
 Air a mhuir 's neo-sgathach iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-Uthairne 's Loch-Nibheis,  
 'S ro-mhaith 'n sgil air bàtaichean.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Bith'dh Clann-Ianruig Ardnamurachan,  
 Iomlan ri uchd gàbhaidh ann.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Bith'dh iad o'n Tràigh-bhàin an Sanna ann,  
 Le fir smearail Arisaig.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir-Loch-Suaineart, as Loch-Leamhain,  
 'S ceaithairnich Loch-àluinn ann.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.



Thig fir sgairteil Eilein-Diarmain,  
 Le'n cuid lìon a's bhàtaichean.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Thig on Chaisteal-mhaol Mac-Cuinn,  
 'S gun èireadh suinn chaol-Arcainn leis.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Ath-leathainn, a's Loch-Aoineart,  
 'S maith mu ruinn na Càbaig iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-sligeachain, 's Phort-Rìgh,  
 'S bith'dh fir Loch-Snìsard làmh riu.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Bith'dh fir Rasaidh, 's Chaol-Ròna,  
 Dìleas còir mar 'b'abhaist doibh.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-Eisart, a's Loch-Slaopain,  
 'S cridheil, aoigheil, bàigheil iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Thig fir Ghrianaig, 's Bhaile-Bhòid,  
 Le'n cabhlach mòr cho àsainneach.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Thig iad a Ceann-Tìre 's Arainn,  
 'S Manainnich gun fhàilinn ann.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Fir Loch-Gilp, 's dà thaobh Loch-Fìne,  
 'S rìoghail, dìleas, làidir iad.  
 Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'N Steornabha 'n tigh-òsd\* na reult

Ni sibh ra cheile gairdeachas.

Air fàill ill èil', &c.

Gheibhear searrag ann 's gach dorn leibh

Cridheil, ceoluhor, mánranach.

Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'N am dhuibh pilleadh do Phort-Rìgh,

Gun gabh na mìltean bàigh ribh ann.

Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'S liònmhor niònag thig 'n 'ur còdhail,

'S iad le pòig g'ur fàilteachadh.

Air fàill ill èil', &c.

'Se mo dhùrachd sìbh bhi fallain,

'S pilleadh dhachaidh sàbhailte.

Air fàill ill èil', &c.

\* Star Inn.





